COMFORTING. GRATEFUL. EPPS'S COCOA. JAMES EPPS & CO. HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS.

Vol. IV.—No. 156. MANCHESTER, Saturday, AUGUST 5th. Price One Penny.

THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER

MADLLE. BEATRICE'S
LONDON "FROU-FROU" COMPANY
FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY.

LAST TWO NIGHTS, AUGUST 4th and 5th.
FROU-FROU; or, FASHION AND PASSION,
As played by special command before H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and as produced at the St. James's Theatre, London.

Brigard (the Original Brigard in England) .. .. Mr. HORACE WIGAN.
Henry de Sartorys (the Original Sartorys in England) . Mr H. SINCLAIR.
Count Paul de Valreas .. .. Mr. FRANK HARVEY.
Baron de Cambri .. .. .. Mr. T. N. WENMAN.
Pitou, a Prompter (the Original Pitou in England) .. Mr. H. ANDREWS.
George de Sartorys, a child four years old .. .. .. Miss PRICE.
Jean .. .. Mr. H. BENNETT.
Gilberte (the Original "Frou-Frou" in England) .. .. Mdlle. BEATRICE.
Louise .. .. Miss SOPHIE YOUNG.
Baroness de Cambri (the Original Baroness in England) Miss LOTTIE MORETON.
Pauline (the Original Pauline in England) .. .. Miss HILDA TEMPLE.
Governess .. .. Mrs. PARKER.

To Conclude with the elegant Comedietta,
A CUP OF TEA.
Box Office open daily from 11 till 2.

BY APPOINTMENT
WEDDING CAKES.—Messrs.

PARKER and SON, Confectioners, by Special Appointment to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and the Princess of Wales and Royal Family, beg to direct attention to their NEW BRIDECAKE SHOWROOM. Finished and Unfinished Cakes of all weights ready for inspection. Elegant Vases, Bouquets, Wreaths, and Bridecake Ornaments.
Contractors for Wedding Breakfasts, Dinners, Ball Suppers, &c.—Menu and Price List forwarded.
For Hire—Gold, Gilt, and Electro-plated Epergnes, Candelabra, Silver Plate, Cutlery, China, Linen, Tables, Seats, Chairs, Tents, and everything required for entertainments.

18, ST. MARY'S GATE, EXCHANGE.

HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.—32, Sydney Street, Oxford Street, Manchester.—Manageress Mrs. LEIGH.—As practised at Ben Rhydding, Matlock, &c. The mild water treatment adopted in this system is perfectly safe for the most delicate constitutions, and is applicable to every variety of disease.
Terms: One treatment per day, 6s. 6d. per week; two, 11s. per week; indoor patients, from 20s. per week. Prices of single baths on application.

BRAZENNOSE STREET DINING ROOMS, 17A, Brazennose Street, Albert Square.

The Proprietors of the above Establishment, having had considerable practical experience in the fitting and working of Restaurants and Dining Rooms, beg to inform the public that they have opened the above Dining Rooms, under the management of Mr. JAMES HARRIS, seven years with Mr. Gradwell, 6, Broom street and 8, Shudehill. Breakfasts, Dinners, and Teas, at moderate charges.
N.B.—Soups from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.—Chops and Steaks.

CRABTREE & HEWITT, Proprietors.

THE DINNER SHERRY,

24s. PER DOZEN.

The reputation we have gained for this excellent Dinner Wine we endeavour to maintain by the utmost care in selection. Inspection invited.
Price list of Sherries and other Wines free by post.

COGNAC BRANDY,

FOR FRUIT PRESERVING.
36s. PER DOZEN.
18s. PER GALLON.
3s. PER BOTTLE.

This is pure young Cognac Brandy, and is equally as good for Preserving Fruit and Cooking as the dearer and older qualities.

James Smith & Company,

WINE MERCHANTS,

Manchester, Birmingham, and Liverpool.

CUFF'S ("THOMPSTONE'S")

SODA WATER. | POTASS WATER.
SELTZER WATER. | LEMONADE.
GINGERADE, &c.

Cuff's (Thompstone's) Waters, being all carefully prepared of the purest ingredients, will be found reliable and decidedly superior beverages.

J. H. CUFF (late Thompstone),
ATKINSON STREET, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.
Established 1801.

THE
GLOBE PARCEL EXPRESS,
REMOVED TO 31, MOSLEY STREET.

PARCELS AND PACKAGES FORWARDED DAILY TO ALL PARTS OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

GOODS AND PARCELS FORWARDED PER MAIL AND OTHER STEAMERS OR SAILING VESSELS TO INDIA, CHINA, AUSTRALIA, UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND ALL OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD.

ROWE
(Late CARTER),
FISHMONGER, &c.,
REMOVED TO
21, SMITHY DOOR,
BEHIND FRUIT MARKET,
VICTORIA STREET.

TO BUILDERS, &c.—ENAMELLED

SLATE CHIMNEY PIECES, &c. The best and cheapest house in the trade. Works of Art Executed. Gas Cooking and Heating Apparatus on the newest principles. W. E. SABIN, 21, BRIDGE STREET, MANCHESTER.
N.B.—Price Lists on Application.

TEETH! TEETH! TEETH!!!

G. W. PRATT, DENTIST, *Extracts Teeth Without Pain* under the *harmless* influence of NITROUS OXIDE GAS.
Artificial Teeth on the most *improved* principle with every comfort, combined with *utility, natural appearance* and *very moderate charges.*
Teeth Scaled and Stopped. Children's Teeth regulated. Full Inquiry invited.

49, CAVENDISH STREET,
NEAR ALL SAINTS
(Corner of Higher Cambridge Street).

PERSONS troubled with CORNS and WARTS should at once procure a bottle of ROBINSON'S PATENT CORN SOVENT, which never fails to quickly remove them.—Sold in bottles at 7½d. and 13½d. each, by B. ROBINSON, chemist, Pendleton; JEWSBURY, MOTTERSHEAD, & CO., Market Street; and most Chemists.

ESTABLISHED 110 YEARS.
KENT'S CELEBRATED WATCHES,
18 Carat Gold Hall Marked Chains, 5 Guineas per ounce, Weight and Fashion included.
70, DEANSGATE.

Pure Port Wine, Bottled in Oporto, and Shipped by A. B. CASSELS

Guaranteed REALLY PURE, and possessing all the characteristics desired by *connoisseurs*, in cases of 1, 2, or 3 dozen; also in Quarte Casks and Octaves.—J. F. MOONEY, SOLE AGENT, 34, DEANSGATE, near the Royal Exchange.—*Sample Bottles may be had.*

A. LAFOSSE, ART PHOTOGRAPHER. Vignettes
Carte-de-Visite and other Portraits. 32, VICTORIA STREET.

EUROPEAN SEWING MACHINES
From 6l GUINEAS. Sews around Cuffs by means of an Arm, and Puts Sleeves in. AGENTS WANTED. 138, PORTLAND STREET, MANCHESTER.

MILLINERY BONNETS & TRIMMED HATS
AT
RICHARD BATEMAN'S,
18 & 20, OLDHAM STREET, & DALE STREET.

We respectfully direct attention to our Millinery Department, wherein we have a Select Stock of MILLINERY BONNETS and Ladies' and Children's TRIMMED HATS, in superior taste and style, at the following inexpensive prices, namely:—**10s. 9d., 12s. 9d., & 14s. 9d.**

PATTERN BONNETS AND HATS AT VERY REDUCED PRICES.

RICHARD BATEMAN, 18 & 20, OLDHAM STREET, & DALE STREET.

TRIMMED ROBES AND COSTUMES
AT
RICHARD BATEMAN'S, 18 & 20, OLDHAM STREET, & DALE STREET.

We beg to announce that we have purchased from several manufacturers in London, of high repute in the costume trade, their Stocks, at great concessions in price, consisting of Glace, Mohair, Mokado Cloth, Camlet, Pique, Batiste, and Printed Muslin, Made-up Dresses, Robes, and Costumes, all in the newest designs, which we are now enabled to offer at one-half the usual prices, namely, **21s., 25s. 6d., 29s. 6d.** The prices hitherto—**40s. 50s. 60s.**

RICHARD BATEMAN, 18 & 20, OLDHAM STREET, & DALE STREET.

MATHER'S ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM, extracted from the choicest rose-leaves, removes scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of pomades) to the hair, and prevents baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless—Sold by all chemists in bottles, at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each.—WILLIAM MATHER 14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C.; 19, Danzing Ditch, and 100, Chester Road, Manchester.

MATHER'S ROYAL BALSAMIC PLAISTERS (as supplied to the Army and Navy at Scutari Hospital)—Sold by all chemists at 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 8d. each. Caution: Every plaister has the proprietor's signature, trade-mark, and address on the back.

MATHER'S IMPROVED INFANTS' FEEDING BOTTLES, WITH EARTHENWARE FITTINGS. The cheapest ever introduced, and universally admitted to be the most simple, cleanly, and durable.—Sold by all chemists, at 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. each.

(Established 40 Years.)

STANTON'S Celebrated COUGH PILLS are universally acknowledged to be the best for the speedy cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs.—W. MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London; and 109 Chester Road, Manchester. In boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

CAUTION.—"W. MATHER, Chester Road, Manchester," on the Government stamp round every box. Sent Post Free for 16 Stamps.

ICE

WENHAM LAKE ICE, Delivered by our carts in the city and suburbs, or packed and forwarded by rail without waste.

REFRIGERATORS OR ICE SAFES,

of the best construction, made under our immediate superintendence. ICE CREAM MACHINES, and everything connected with the ice trade.

N.B.—The delicate nature of ice renders it so liable to absorb gases, especially fish taint, that we sell ice only, and the public may rely upon its purity.

Address—WHITFORD & CO.,

VICTORIA MARKET, MANCHESTER, or EXCHANGE STREET EAST, LIVERPOOL, inventors of the Whirling Freezer, to make ice anywhere in fifteen minutes.

WHELPTON'S
VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS
TRADE MARK (REGISTERED)

Are warranted not to contain a single particle of *Mercury* or any other *Mineral Substance*, but to consist entirely of Medicinal Matters, *Purely Vegetable*.

During the last thirty-five years they have proved their value in thousands of instances in diseases of the Head, Chest, Bowels, Liver and Kidneys; and in all skin complaints are one of the best medicines known.

Sold in boxes price 7½d., 1s 1½d, and 2s. 9d. each, by G. WHELPTON & SON, 3, Crane Court, Fleet Street, London; and by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Sent free on receipt of 8, 14, or 33 stamps.

RICHARD BATEMAN,
18 and 20, OLDHAM STREET and DALE STREET

AT RICHARD BATEMAN'S, 18 and 20, OLDHAM STREET & DALE STREET, GLACE, MOHAIR, and ZEPHYR COSTUMES.

21s. 25s. 6d., 29s. 6d. and upwards to 4 guineas.

BATISTE and LAWN COSTUMES, from 15s. 9d. to 3 guineas.

FRENCH PIQUE, embroidered & braided, COSTUMES, from 21s. to 75s.

PETTICOATS, in the New Shades and Styles, from 5s 6d. to 21s.

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.

THESE PILLS are a sure specific for HEADACHE INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COMPLAINTS or AFFECTIONS of the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS, &c. They give immediate relief in cases of PERSISTENT COUGH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, and other AFFECTIONS of the LUNGS. For GOUT, RHEUMATISM, &c., they are invaluable; they have been in use for upwards of half a century, and thousands have testified to the benefits experienced by their use.

Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines at 1s. 1½d., s. 9d., and 4s. 6d per box.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS
AND OINTMENT.

Dyspepsia Jaundice.—These complaints are the result of a disordered liver, which secretes bile in quality or quantity incapable of digesting food. Digestion requires a free flow of healthy bile, to promote which Holloway's Pills and Ointment have long been famed, far eclipsing every other medicine. Food, irregularity of living, unwholesome climates, and other causes are constantly deranging the liver, but that important organ can, under all circumstances, soon be regulated and healthily adjusted by Holloway's Pills and Ointment rubbed on the skin penetrates straight to the liver, the blood and nerves of which it speedily rectifies. One trial is all that is needed; a cure will soon follow.

Fragrant Tooth Wash.—FLUODENTINE, or Liquid Dentifrice. See Dr. Hassall's Report and Medical Testimony. INVALUABLE TO SMOKERS. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 6d., 3s., and 5s. a Bottle.—*Prepared at* HANNAY'S *PHARMACY, 63, Piccadilly.*

THE DRAGOONS' SPORTS.

IT is often hard to discover the process by which any particular attraction or amusement acquires popularity. Whatever may have been the subtle influences at work, the popularity which has burst upon the athletic sports and foot races of the Dragoon Guards stationed in Manchester was sudden as it is unmistakable. Last year little was heard of a similar affair till it was over. Then those people who had been fortunate enough to be present were almost tiresomely enthusiastic about the infinite jollity and enjoyableness of the proceedings. This year the appearance of the road leading to Pomona Gardens—in the grounds adjoining which place of amusement the sports were held—sufficiently indicated that something was in the wind of an unusual sort. Within the gardens themselves the special preparations were on a very extensive scale. A huge platform, with painfully high steps, occupied the whole of one side of the field. Immediately in front was the ring or enclosure within which most of the combats took place. To the right was a gigantic archway, which enclosed a refreshment counter and fulfilled no other useful purpose that we could discover, whilst to the left was the course for running, beginning at the Throstle Nest end of the field, and ending near the stand.

Surely there never was such a programme for variety and length. There were foot races of every variety, for all kinds of prizes from a pair of Wellington boots and a gold lace cap to a silver-plated tea-pot—wisely presented to the winner in the Veteran division—and a silver watch. Athletic sports of all descriptions were represented—fencing, jumping, boxing, throwing the hammer, as well as various mounted combats. Even aquatics were not neglected; for there was a four-oar boat race which took place, though we are sorry to confess that we know nothing of it from personal observation, and did not even know that it had so taken place till it was announced during the delivery of the prizes. A wise discretion was observed in beginning the sports very early. Two o'clock may have seemed to some too early for convenience; though, as things turned out, it was in reality a little too late.

In the earlier part of the programme there was nothing requiring special criticism or description. The flat handicap, hurdle races, and the steeplechase differed in no essential respects from similar races at ordinary meetings. The chief feature in connection with them was the excellent performance of a sergeant with an aristocratic name—Mr. Le Mesurier. The manner in which he ran spoke of careful preparation as well as good natural ability for the work. Besides the legitimate events we have mentioned, there were others of a less orthodox, but highly amusing, character. These included a donkey race, a sack race, and a wheelbarrow race. The title of this last performance is just a little misleading. One would naturally have expected that wheelbarrows would have something to do with it. But this is not the case, except by metaphor. One individual acts as a wheelbarrow, and holds in his hands the wheel. His legs are seized, and converted into handles by another, and he is thus trundled along to the goal. Of course, any failure or yielding on the part of the wheel or its supports inevitably brings about sudden and painful collapse, often involving both wheeler and wheeled. Such mishaps were not wanting on Tuesday afternoon, the delight of the spectators increasing in direct ratio with their suddenness and completeness.

The general appearance of the stand and field was wonderfully picturesque and pleasing. Indeed some of the phenomena were quite unique. The bright sunshine—itself strange to us now-a-days—lit up the huge crowd of spectators into animation. The red and white coats of the soldiers, afoot and on horseback, and the varied attire of the ladies came out in bright relief to the duller and more sombre garb of the male civilian, whilst further variety was given to the scene by the presence of all manner of quaint and odd allegorical figures. "A knight and his lady gay" carried us away to the middle ages, only to be brought back to modern reality by the passage of a mounted caricature policeman, who rode hither and thither, causing endless fuss and confusion. Our old friends of Pantomime—Clown, Pantaloon, and Harlequin—were indefatigable in the sale of cigars and scents, as well as in the perpetration of practical jokes. A mock brigand, admirably "got up," was less dangerous than a pertinacious gambler, who carried about a small turning-table for the reception of pennies, and who, after receiving them and without giving his victims a chance of winning or losing, triumphantly bolted with both table and pence. There was among a crowd of other "characters" a swarthy East Indian in temptingly cool white clothes, and above all there was an ubiquitous band of Christy Minstrels. These gentry began modestly enough by a sort of formal performance in front of the reserved seats. But after that ordeal they threw away all sense of shyness, and played, sung, and danced with wonderful steadiness and vigour. In season and out of season could their monotonous melody be heard. Stern messages from irate superiors only removed them a few yards, and if happily they disappeared awhile, roars of laughter from a distant corner would betray their presence. Music was indeed a strong feature in the afternoon's attractions. Besides the performances of the band attached to the gardens, under its euphoniously named leader, that of the 8th Infantry discoursed excellent music at intervals.

All through the earlier part of the programme there had been something like a feeling of impatience. The foot races and such things were regarded only as the precursors of something better to come. Any athletic club could have got up similar races, and something characteristic of a crack cavalry regiment was certainly expected to follow. The latter part of the afternoon was almost entirely devoted to competitions on horseback, in which the skill, pluck, and condition of both horse and rider were tested. The first of these was sword *v.* lance. One horseman, with his head and breast protected with mask and leathern jacket, was armed with a sword, whilst another, similarly garbed, possessed himself of a lance. The two were placed at different ends of the ring, and waited the guttural command to charge. At the word they rushed towards each other with the amiable intention of the one to cut the other in two—theoretically—and of the other to pierce his enemy through and through. After a bout or two of this sort the competitors would change weapons, the rider who previously had the sword taking the lance, and *vice versa*. Both men and horses fought and charged as fiercely and skilfully as if dear life depended on each hit or thrust, whilst every bit of clean fence or unusual pluck was welcomed by comrades and spectators with shouts of delight. This part of the programme derived very much of its interest from the presence and behaviour of the magnificent horses. One of the most interesting of the events was that described—somewhat ambiguously to outsiders—as "Double Ride and Heads and Posts." The first part consisted in a sort of drill, at which it was hard to decide which was most to be admired—men, for the perfect control over their animals; or horses, for the marvellous sagacity with which they helped their riders. Conspicuous amongst them, as a model horseman, was Sergeant-Major Harris. The grace and elegance with which he sat, immovable, as though part of the horse itself, were something to see and wonder at. After an admirable and most intricate drill the riders proceeded with "Heads and Posts." A double row of posts was fixed a few yards asunder, on one representatives of a human head, on the other a suspended ring. The point was for the competitor to ride up to the line, slashing off heads on one side, and taking the ring with the point of his sword on the other. Our grand horseman, Sergeant-major Harris, had the first trial, and took the line with a splendidly calm face. Helped by the perfect training of his horse, he took every head and ring, and rode away to his post again amidst hearty cheers. Soldier after soldier followed, slashing and thrusting with varying success—some taking every head and ring but one, others, through restive steeds, clean missing the whole. Things looked very bright for Harris till the very last competitor, with a deliciously Irish name, Corporal Maloney. The corporal had taken part with distinction in the other similar combats, and now added to that distinction by clearing all before him. After all, we were not quite clear how it was that he got the first prize in preference to Harris.

The most exciting feature in the day was that which came on last—

the mounted combats with single stick, open to the mounted services of the northern district. There were representatives of the Dragoons, of the Hussars, and two—Messrs. Batley and Drew, who fought without ultimate success, but not without much glory—representing the Yeomanry. The sticks were chalked—by the Brigand—so that every hit told a tale on the breast, head, or arm of the victims. For some reason this combat seemed especially fierce. The quick rush, thrust, and parry at the word of command from the colonel, somehow affected the crowd of excited spectators. They took sides, and argued as to the relative merits of their favourites as fiercely and angrily as the competitors themselves fought out the matter. In this combat the difference in the horses was especially apparent. Some faced the fray without a swerve; others danced, reared, and pranced in a way which must have influenced the riders' chances of success, and showed very clearly the advantage of a perfectly trained horse. The two Yeomanry representatives appeared to suffer considerably from this cause. But, on the whole, the perfect control and temper of the horses themselves, particularly when we consider that they were often pursued by an excited, shouting crowd, and frequently came in for ugly knocks themselves, were not the least wonderful of the many pleasant things we saw. No accident of any importance happened, except that a horse received an ugly thrust with a fencing stick in the eye.

This mounted combat occupied so much time that when it was completed dusk had come on unawares, and the remaining items of the programme had to be omitted in order to get in the presentation of prizes before it was quite dark. Thus we saw no boxing, which is for some reason always popular; and a match, which excited a good deal of interest, between Sergeant-Major Evans on horseback, and Sergeant Le Mesurier on foot, at a hundred yards, fifty each way, was also left out. But few of the spectators who had been present from two o'clock till after eight would have been disposed to complain of the cessation of excitement, and still fewer could have found the latter part of the programme anything but interesting and exciting. Two reflections occupied us on our way home. One was that soldiering must have vastly altered its condition for the better, of late; and the other, what a splendid regiment or army would be one composed entirely of non-commissioned officers.

THE WESLEYAN PRESIDENT'S SERMON.

WE question whether to Methodists there is in the world a more august assembly than the Wesleyan Conference, or a more important dignitary than the President thereof. To Wesleyan ministers at least their supreme council is a parliament met to debate upon the most vital concerns of man's destiny, and the highest place to which the most ambitious of their number aspires is to the position of prime minister in that assembly. When it is remembered that the duties of the position are onerous and various, and that no emolument is attached to it, it will be seen that great honour is supposed to accrue to the successful candidate, since the presidential office is so highly esteemed, and doubtless, in many instances, so eagerly desired. Even to an outsider the post must appear to be one of no ordinary character, and the man who fills it a person of considerable interest. In him we expect to see an epitome of Wesleyanism. Elected by the suffrages of his brethren, men supposed by virtue of their sacred office to be distinguished for ability and virtue, one may reasonably expect the President to be an individual of great attainments and one who may wield considerable power. For our own part we have read so much at odd times about the terrible Jabez Bunting that we have long had a desire to see a Wesleyan President in the flesh. Moreover such an one is the representative of the heroic Wesley, and has in his possession for the space of twelve months, in token of the fact, the little Bible which was once the property of that great apostle.

We have such a weakness for historic buildings, however ugly they may be, that we can readily forgive Dr. Osborn for his recent rather exaggerated praise of the Oldham Street Chapel. That establishment has been so intimately associated with the history of Methodism, that an old preacher like the Doctor might well feel his heart warmed as he recalled old scenes enacted therein. Indeed, the chapel is a tolerably comfortable, snug-looking one when once you get inside of it; that is, if there are not too many people present; usually there are not. On Sunday evening last, however, we, seated in the body of the chapel, were just able to respire feebly. The congregation was a somewhat different one from that which assembled to hear the Fernley lecturer. Mr. Pope's audience might be described as the aristocracy—the flower of Methodism: the President's sermon was listened to mainly by middle and working-class Methodism. Evidences of the purpose for which the building had been used during the preceding week were present in the shape of unpainted deal shelves or desks fixed in the pews, and provided with holes in which were deposited pot inkstands, and channels in which lay a quantity of penholders. The desks were blotted and scrawled over in a manner which reminded us of our mutual-improvement days. Round the pulpit was a platform-gallery, on which also were rows of desks. These were covered with green cloth, and—we guessed—were for the use of the "legal hundred" during the sitting of the Conference. On the occasion of our visit this platform was occupied by a number of gentlemen whose white ties indicated their profession. During the delivery of the sermon these gentlemen were addressed as "my brethren;" we others were designated by the appellation of "my friends."

At the proper time—viz., at six o'clock—the President, Dr. James, entered the pulpit, and the service commenced. It was of the dissenting character, consisting of singing, reading, and extempore prayers. The effect was to us in parts rather disappointing, particularly when the choir stood up and sang an anthem in a jerky manner, as if sometimes half the treble was coming down with a rush upon the other half. The disunion of the choir seemed to produce a corresponding effect upon the congregation, as a part of the latter stood during the singing, while the rest remained seated. But there is a high-pitched enthusiasm about Wesleyan services which, even in the presence of drawbacks, effectually relieves them from any tendency to monotony. This was enhanced on the present occasion by the somewhat venerable and powerful appearance of the occupant of the pulpit, by the loud, clear voice with which he read out—we had almost written "declaimed"—the verses of the hymns, and by the earnest ejaculatory manner in which, in his prayers, he besought the presence of the Holy Spirit. Dr. James is a man of goodly presence, and possesses a flowing white beard. The son of a Wesleyan minister, and admitted himself to the ministry in 1836, the reverend gentleman has had an extensive and varied experience of Wesleyanism. He has travelled on many circuits, was for six years governor of Wesley College, Sheffield, for a considerable period senior assistant secretary, and latterly has filled the office of secretary to the Conference, a position which has recently been the preceding one to the office which he now holds. To us, therefore, he appeared to be a fair specimen of a Wesleyan preacher.

The text for the sermon was taken from the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and comprised, as the preacher observed, Christ's last words to His disciples upon earth, wherein he promised the Holy Ghost, that they might become witnesses for Him to the uttermost parts of the earth. Commencing with the statement that two qualifications, Knowledge and Power, were necessary in order to make the apostles fit witnesses for the Saviour, he proceeded to show what that knowledge and power were. Knowledge meant a knowledge of the things of which they preached, and Power an ability to preach them. But knowledge did not mean simply an acquaintance with the circumstances of the earthly life of Jesus, such an acquaintance as the apostles in their companionship with Him had acquired; it meant an understanding of His heavenly life, and of its influence upon them individually. That knowledge was given on the day of Pentecost by the Holy Ghost. Pursuing his subject the preacher proceeded to show what "ability" or "power" meant. In the first place it meant a holy courage which would undauntedly carry the message of the gospel anywhere, under any circumstances. It did not mean shamefacedness with regard to religious or doctrinal matters. In these days it meant scholarship undoubtedly; it meant that a man should study and master that which he intended to teach; carelessly prepared sermons were never good sermons. It also meant gift of utterance, fluency, eloquence. But besides these qualities, something else was needed which was likewise the gift of the Spirit, and this something was called unction. Without it, scholarship would be useless and eloquence powerless. Dr. James showed how in all these acquirements the apostles were deficient prior to the Pentecostal day, and added that it was the last gift alone which enabled

the scholarly Wesley, a keen logician, a man of polite learning and gentlemanly feeling, to stand up in the midst of raging mobs in Newcastle and elsewhere, and preach so that hundreds of those men who had come out to scoff at and abuse the preacher fell on their knees and cried out for mercy. He drew a parallel between the results achieved by the fathers of Methodism and those attained by the first apostles, and in an impassioned burst of eloquence declared that with the prospects of such harvests Methodist preachers would yet gladly fling decorum and cold conventionality away and go out into the world to preach the gospel.

Listening to Dr. James it occurred to us, as it has occurred before, that the Wesleyans have the most powerful body of preachers of any denomination. This opinion will, perhaps, seem less novel when we remind our readers that the man whom Thackeray described as the finest orator he had ever heard was a Methodist preacher As for the sermon, it appeared to embody or express the genius of Wesleyan preaching, a firm faith in a Divine influence operating through the preacher upon the congregation. Most denominations tacitly recognize this influence as a promise and a truth, but the Methodists never lose sight of it. It is spoken of in all their utterances, sung of in their hymns, prayed for in their prayers. To them, in the most literal sense, souls are not awakened by the individual eloquence of the preacher, but through the presence of the Holy Spirit. That, whether from the operation of this influence or not, there was an irresistible power in Dr. James's discourse we testify. We do not doubt that on many occasions startling results follow such preaching. And if all preachers went forth to their ministry actuated by the personal experiences, steady and devoted courage, single-minded purpose, real ability, and true fervour sketched by the Wesleyan President in his official sermon, literature would lay aside its sarcasm and forget to criticize.

MANCHESTER WATER.

THE quality of our water supply has recently been pretty freely discussed, and as the discussion has been carried on mainly by doctors and scientific men, the customary differences of opinion have been unusually well marked. The Edinburgh people have been anxious to obtain a better water supply than they now possess, and for this purpose fixed upon Loch Mary as the source from which they would derive it. For many reasons, or unreasons, the scheme was opposed. Dr. Frankland and his men fought on the one side, and Dr Letheby and his men fought on the other. Against the water, Dr. Letheby urged that it was full of fleas—*Cyclops quadruminis* is the technical name—and that by its chemical composition it was peculiarly liable to attack lead, and so poison, slowly but surely, the consumers thereof. Here incidentally the doctor referred to our Manchester water as a case in point, and said that more lead poisoning goes on than is generally supposed. In cross-examination he said he "knew it to be the case that there is a good deal more of lead poisoning in Manchester and some other towns than the public generally suppose." The doctor also held that spring water is better than lake water, and hard than soft. As to our local lead poisoning, a committee, of which Mr. Cawley was the chairman, and Dr. Crace Calvert a member, reported in 1861 to the Sanitary Association in much stronger terms than those used by Dr. Letheby. On the flea question, Dr. Frankland urged, in mitigation, that the Manchester water contained them; and when asked what would be the result of taking these water-fleas into the human frame, replied, "Just the same result would follow, I should think, as taking shrimps." It may be so, but somehow or other we should prefer our shrimps boiled. Dr. Letheby argued that not only are they repulsive to the senses, but that they also may be harmful to the system.

Practically, the quality of the water with which the Edinburgh folk sparely dilute their toddy matters little to us; but the report on Manchester water by Mr. Homersham, C. E., to the Royal Commissioners on the Water Supply—"If you take a globular vessel, such as the globes in which gold and silver fish are kept, and which assists in magnifying the insects, you can see them (the fleas) jumping about in all directions"—this, we opine, is not a very pleasant report for teetotalers. However, we think Dr. Letheby rather stretches a point on the flea question, as to its banefulness to the consumer; for the flea is, we believe, what may be termed an ultimate animal, and not an organism which may develope itself, or be developed, into higher and other life, like the measles in pork, or zymotic disease germs generally. It is rather a sign of original impurity in the water itself, and may, perhaps, be one of nature's means of purifying the water.

This water question is one which vitally concerns all of us, and while we may smile at the rival doctors and their theories, we ought nevertheless to thank them for so thoroughly investigating the subject, and, if we can, learn some practical lessons from their labours. Three lessons we may now learn—Firstly, filter the water we use for drinking purposes; secondly, add a little lime to our children's food; and thirdly, use tin-coated pipes instead of the old-fashioned lead ones.

THE PALACE OF TRUTH.

[PRINCE'S THEATRE.]

IT is with pleasure we sit down to record our impressions of the freshest, cleverest, and most artistic piece that we have lately seen. It was with pleasure that we sat and listened to the smooth verse, the unhacknied humour, and the subtle sarcasm of Mr. Gilbert's best work. The lot of a dramatic critic who attends to his business is a very hard one. He continually finds himself attempting to sit out with patient fortitude more or less attenuated reproductions of ideas eternally the same. It is the greatest mistake in the world to suppose that he delights in faultfinding. He is only too glad to meet with anything that he can honestly commend; but dramatic excellence is so difficult of attainment, and the amount of talent engaged upon dramatic work is so infinitesimally small, that it is very rarely he is given an opportunity. It is seldom that he can experience pleasure in the performance of his duties; it is indeed seldom that he is called upon to criticize a piece which is really worth criticizing. It is our agreeable duty to do so in the present case.

To Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the author of the *Bab Ballads*, a great many happy thoughts have from time to time occurred, but he was never struck with so happy an idea as that of dramatizing the old story of the *Palace of Truth*. We present our sincere thanks to the deities of destiny that the idea did not occur to any other writer for the stage instead. We can imagine the sort of use that would have been made of it by an H. J. Byron, an F. C. Burnand, an H. B. Farnie, or even a Robert Reece. We shudder, and dismiss the fearful phantom from our minds. We are thankful that the idea occurred to a writer who was able to make worthy use of it, and had the resolution to resist the temptation to make the happy thought subservient to purposes of farce. We rejoice that there is a dramatic author even yet who has not degenerated into a mere hack, who serves art more than Mammon, and who is actually scrupulous as to the means which he employs to gratify his audience.

Given the idea of subjecting his personages to an influence which obliges them unwittingly to speak the truth, Mr. Gilbert sets to work to see how he can get the utmost out of it. He sensibly determines not to be content with what laughter the theme affords, and happily resolves to treat his subject seriously, and therefore to make use of the tempting opportunities which it affords for mirth subservient to his general design. With so much skill has he accomplished this that the serious vein is to the full as interesting as the humorous is entertaining; and for upwards of two hours the audience is kept attentive to the words and deeds of characters subjected to so fanciful an influence. The reason of Mr. Gilbert's success is that he has not made his characters unreal as well as their surroundings, but has portrayed existing characters in non-existing yet imaginable circumstances. The result is curious, interesting, and amusing. The awkward consequences that would ensue, were everybody to speak "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," are shown not merely in a ludicrous but also in a sober light. The author has not merely brought all his personages to laughable loggerheads, ludicrous sixes and sevens—three acts of that would have been insufferable—but he has made them all the representatives of types of character, and shown their dispositions under the fierce light of truth. A fine, deliciously refreshing cynicism pervades the piece. The characters are introduced as they appear before the world. We have the comfortable, easy-going man (the king) exceedingly well played by our old favourite, that excellent comedian, Mr. Righton; the rather undemonstrative, but sensible and amiable girl (the princess) very well, and therefore pleasingly, portrayed by Miss Kate Bishop, who has wondrously improved since when she acted regularly at the Prince's; the impulsive, handsome, irresistible

young lover; the obsequious courtier, the connoisseur, the surly cynic, the superior person much too good for this world, and the young blush rose. The king, secure in the possession of a talisman that counteracts the magic influence, invites these people to accompany him to his enchanted palace. Once within its precincts, their true characters reveal themselves. The ardent lover is a selfish coxcomb, who makes love to gratify his vanity, whose passion is a stage assumption. By a very clever stroke, he is permitted by his author to perceive that everybody else is subject to a spell, but thinks he is himself exempt. The obsequious courtier gives utterance to the rudest sentiments, believing all the time that he is paying honeyed compliments; the connoisseur turns out to be an ignorant impostor; the surly cynic is the softest hearted of mankind; the bashful damsel is an arrant flirt; the paragon, a systematic hypocrite. It will be seen that Mr. Gilbert is, as we have said, a cynic; but he is also a practised dramatic author. He knows that it is necessary to preserve his audience's respect for either his hero or his heroine, and consequently, underneath the overmastering power of truth, the princess only shows the nobler for the test. Her undemonstrativeness is stripped away from her, and the pure strength and ardour of her love bursts out into a blaze. There is real human nature in these metamorphoses. Your cynic really has the tenderest heart, and genuine feeling almost always is the least displayed.

The art of the playwright is further shown in the manipulation of the character of the hypocrite. The audience is artistically kept in uncertainty about this character much longer than about the rest. She steals the talisman. The unconscious king tells all his indiscretions to the queen, and the unveiling of the most deceitful character is kept to give dramatic interest to the conclusion of the piece, which otherwise would be an anti-climax. When the revelation comes, it comes with powerful effect. She accidentally gives up the precious charm, and in her passionate appeal to have it given back to her she tells exactly what she wishes to conceal. It is here, perhaps, that Mr. Gilbert's blank verse reaches its highest pitch of excellence. Without the words before one it is difficult to judge; but admirably given as it is by another old Manchester favourite, Miss Brennan, this one passage strikes us as the most effective; while some portions of the love scenes and the speeches of the princess prove their author to possess no small amount both of poetic sweetness and poetic light. Whatever might have been the recommendation from an art point of view of using rhyme in Mr. Gilbert's travestie of Tennyson's *Princess*—which Mr. Gilbert says would have been no recommendation at all, wherein we disagree with him—there can be no doubt that he has exercised a wise discretion in presenting this more serious piece in blank verse. Three acts of rhyme would have been as tedious for the audience to listen to as for the author to compose; and though we miss the ringing epigrams we might have had, we gain a more than equal benefit in naturalness of the whole.

Notwithstanding that we entertain thus high an opinion of the present piece, we are by no means desirous to see it become the type of a class. We don't believe in fairy dramas. Novel and successful for the nonce, a class of plays in which a serious interest is subjected to magical phenomena would be unnatural and tiresome. Particularly should we regret to see the Haymarket stage devoted to such a sort of literature. Mr. Gilbert himself may be trusted not to carry an idea too far; for his dramatic brethren we cannot answer. Granting the success of this bold foray into the domain of fancy, ordinary flesh and blood and natural phenomena remain the stock material on which the dramatist should exercise his art.

We are glad to make the acquaintance of the excellent company under the management of Miss Litton. With the merits of three of its principal members Manchester is already familiar, and we have already spoken of the efficient way in which they play their parts in Mr. Gilbert's trying piece. The other members of the company are worthy colleagues. Mr. Clayton is a first-rate actor of such parts as suit him, but his style is much too heavy and his voice much too peculiar to suit the part allotted to him here. We presume that he is not responsible for the hideous blanket that envelops him. Both him and that inimitable actress of old women, Mrs. Stephens, we must have an opportunity of seeing to more advantage. Mr. Belford is another artist fitted by his part. Altogether this performance is a thing to see. Manchester is not much of a theatre-going town, but, if we know anything of the taste of Manchester playgoers, the quality of this production, when it is made known, will fetch them.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

EXCHANGE STATUES.

THE Royal Arms which used to surmount the old Exchange have been removed and placed upon the summit of the portico of the new building. We trust there is no intention of removing the disreputable old statue which is now to be found daily standing upon the steps of the old Exchange, and setting it up in a similar position on the new erection. This singular statue is the dirtiest and most begrimed of all the sooty monuments of which Manchester can boast. Like Pygmalion's statue, it is endowed with life. It has a stubbly, mangy beard, and wears spectacles. Although being perpetually removed on to the flags by the Exchange officials, it invariably finds its way back on to the steps in Exchange Street, where it is open to receive any stray silver which subscribers, passing to and fro, may happen to have about them. Sometimes it voluntarily descends, and strolls across the way to Mr. Ollivant's shop, where it stands, as in its former position, sucking an unlit, dirty, short pipe, and facing outwards, in both positions. This dilapidated old figure, we believe, came originally from Bolton, and we should not at all object if it was returned to its original quarters. At all events, let us hope that we shall not see it removed to the balustrade of the new Exchange.

BANKING CONVENIENCE.

The Manchester and County Bank has taken a room in the new Exchange which it intends to open for banking purposes, at least on market-days. This will doubtless be a great convenience, particularly to its customers at its numerous branches throughout the county, who collect and pay a great deal of money on 'Change during the afternoon, and will be thus spared the time and trouble of running off to the top of King Street, or of carrying money home with them in their pockets. As, however, business and the city itself is largely increasing on the north side of the town, and about Smithydoor and Deansgate, a bank in Market Street will doubtless be found a convenience. Formerly there were banks in Marsden Square, Cannon Street, High Street, and Market Street, but of late years, with the exception of the branch bank in Shudehill, and Robertson's, at the corner of High street, they have all migrated in a southerly direction.

BROUGHTON *v.* SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

The match between eighteen of Broughton, including Hickton and Barratt, and the United South of England Eleven commenced on Thursday in last week under favourable circumstances, was continued on Friday, and abandoned on Saturday in consequence of the heavy, continuous, and drenching rain. On Thursday and Friday, the attendance was very large for those off days—Mr. W. G. Grace being, of course, the great attraction. This renowned Gloucestershire cricketer, as well as his brother, played in this match last year; but then also the weather was bad, and the public were disappointed. The prodigious scores which Mr. W. G. Grace has been making this year have still more enhanced his previous reputation; and as he is always at work, either in the field or at the wickets, he is just the sort of lively player whom spectators delight to honour. Lookers-on are partial to active fielders and rapid scorers, and Mr. W. G. Grace seldom fails to gratify them. For instance, last week at Lord's ground, in the match between Sussex and the Marylebone Club and Ground, he scored fifty-nine runs off his own bat in less than forty-five minutes, which is immensely rapid scoring against first-class bowling. Mr. W. G. Grace is said to be almost invariably unlucky when he plays with the United South, and so far this has been the case in the two matches he has played with Willsher at Broughton. For our own part, however, in a match of eleven against eighteen, we prefer seeing the latter at the wickets and the eleven in the field. Eighteen men fielding are an eyesore. On this occasion the Broughton players, largely recruited by auxiliaries, fielded remarkably close and well, and it was difficult for the batsmen to get the ball

away. Hickton declared his confidence that he should bowl Mr. W. G. Grace before he made many runs, and this he actually did when he had scored (for him) the moderate number of eighteen. The grumbling on the part of some of the spectators because Mr. W. G. Grace did not go in first on Thursday night was ridiculous and impertinent, and Willsher has a perfect right and is bound to play his matches in the way he thinks most likely to ensure their success. With the exception of Mr. J. Makinson and Mr. V. Royle, from Rossall, the former of whom carried out his bat for forty-six, and the latter made thirty-six, the batting of Broughton was indifferent; Mr. Moorhouse, however, and Mr. Dearden, batted well for fourteen and fifteen respectively. The total score of Broughton was 145, which was respectable but not large enough for eighteen batsmen. On Friday the ground was much heavier, and owing to this and the good fielding of Broughton, the Eleven were all got out for eighty-nine runs. On the part of the United South the wicket keeping of Mr. Phillips was superb, and one of the features of the match.

THE UNHAPPY RAILWAY COMPANIES.

The minds of shareholders in railway companies will not have been relieved by being made acquainted with the law affecting their liability in such cases as the recent one of *Rowley* v. *the L. & N. W. Railway Co.* When, by the slightest neglect of duty on the part of the most insignificant of subordinate servants, anyone is killed, the innocent shareholder is bound, in conjunction with his fellow-unfortunates, to pay to the surviving family as much money as the deceased would have spent upon them during the remainder of his life, if he had not been killed. Setting aside the impossibility of estimating this, and its gross injustice, it only wants some very wealthy man with a very large family to be killed to prove its impracticable foolishness. The extent to which the responsibilities of railway companies is being carried is becoming an injustice which must end, like many of the proofs in Euclid starting from false premises—in that "which is absurd."

THE CONTROVERSY IN THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

The disownment of Mr. David Duncan by the Manchester meeting of the Society of Friends, or, strictly speaking, by what is known as the Hardshaw East Monthly Meeting, which comprises representatives from a large portion of South and East Lancashire, has been followed by the publication of a pamphlet, in which the author, Mr. Joseph Binyon Forster, calls the decision in question, and intimates that he also will have to retire from the Society. This little manifesto is entitled, *The Society of Friends and Freedom of Thought in* 1871, and is issued as one of the "Liberty Series." Three others of this set of pamphlets are written by Mr. David Duncan, and one is the work of Miss Sophia Dobson Collet, who, if we mistake not, is or was a Unitarian. Speaking as outsiders, we do not think Mr. Forster has made out his charge of injustice. His references to the doctrines of the Society of Friends, also, are vague and unsatisfactory, and we apprehend that he claims for its members—not merely freedom of thought within the limits of the creed—but a license of belief which would render the existence of any church or religious society impossible.

WESLEYANS AND THE CLASS MEETING.

The expected discussion of the case of the Rev. Mr. Hughes—the Wesleyan minister who has advocated certain views about class meetings as a test of membership, and who two years ago, at the Hull Conference, was called to account for the same—occupied the Manchester Conference some hours both on Saturday and Monday last. It is to be regretted that no adequate or strictly accurate report of the discussion has been published. This is not the fault of the newspapers. No professional reporters are admitted to the Conference meetings. The accounts which appear are all supplied by Wesleyan ministers, and it is scarcely necessary to observe that they are more or less coloured by the bias of the writers. As probably all the ministers, members of the Conference, are opposed to the views entertained by Mr. Hughes on the subject of class-meetings, a perfectly fair and trustworthy report of the debate could scarcely be looked for, and it is noteworthy that, in everyone yet published, Mr. Hughes's defence is suppressed entirely. He spoke nearly two hours, and not even two lines have been devoted to what he said. The world, therefore, is not in a position to judge of the relative merits of his position and that assumed by the Conference. Substantially, Mr. Hughes has been appointed a supernumerary minister, and he is to be placed under "a judicious superintendent." The discussion seems to have been conducted in a very fair and tolerant spirit, and apparently the decision is not an unkind one, but it would probably have been somewhat different if laymen had had any part in the councils of the Wesleyan governing body.

[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

THE WESLEYAN METHODIST PREACHER.

AGREEING heartily with Dr. Osborn that the old style of Methodist preaching is the best—that is to say that it is better than the essay and treatise style—I went on a recent Sunday evening to hear John Rattenbury, at Grosvenor Street Chapel. It was well nigh thirty years ago since I had been there before, and then the same preacher occupied the pulpit. At that time Mr. Rattenbury was upright and stately, with raven locks and trim—almost military—whiskers. To-day he has grizzled locks and an ample white beard, but he looks hale and hearty, whilst his sermons are mellower, more kindly, and less denunciatory than of yore. I got a standing place (seats there were none to be had) just in the bend of the gallery, on the proper left of the preacher, in well nigh the self-same spot as three decades syne, and saw with great interest the reverend gentleman in the old pulpit. What a lot of sermons he must have preached since then; through what strange scenes he must have passed; how many pious followers of John Wesley he must have married and buried! Surely, a brave man this—working yet, unwearied in the great vineyard, and he will have his reward.

I like the heartiness with which the Wesleyan Methodists sing their hymns. There was something startling in the style in which the vast congregation rose and volleyed forth a flood of praise—the minister standing there, impassive apparently, in their midst, and reading four lines of the hymn at a time, with just that twang of the Wesleyan Society which is not to be described but which is not unpleasing. Extempore prayers are rather difficult exercises in a large congregation, and they seldom fall gratefully either upon the ear or heart. It is scarcely likely that so purely personal an exercise should do. Rev. gentlemen are too frequently engaged in what I call fancy prayer—that is to say, in thinking how they shall cut it fine and make the adoration pretty. Too frequently, also, these prayers sound as if the offerer were giving imformation to his Maker, or making to Him statements of an interesting character. We do not get the incense of a praying soul stealing upwards to the mercy seat, but rather an intellectual display for the benefit of any reporters who may be present. But it was not so, and probably never is so, with John Rattenbury. He prayed as a devout man might pray by his own inglenook and with his own kith and kin around him—most devoutly and most solemnly—and best of all he led the people with him. Afterwards the rev. gentleman read the beautiful parable of the prodigal son, and then preached a sermon in which the incidents of the same touching scripture narrative were interwoven and expounded. Anything more unaffectedly simple and earnest I never listened to. The elocution by itself was almost perfect; the phrases were as round and satisfactory as if, instead of being quite extempore (there was not a note or memorandum of any kind on the Bible before him), they had been the result of the most careful elaboration and study. The links of the theme were taken up with extraordinary facility, and each branch of the discourse expanded before you as if it were being developed from a mystic scroll. Undoubtedly a great gift that—a gift not

vouchsafed to many men, and certainly not borne by many men so modestly as by John Rattenbury.

Why do I select this man above his fellows for the illustration to this "study?" There be more scholarly brethren in the body than he. I am told so at all events. John Rattenbury was a preacher before the theological institutions of Methodism were founded, or at all events before they had got any hold upon the preachers at large. He came from the old stock; he was fashioned in the mould of the men who worked with the Founder himself, and who leapt, so to speak, into the pulpit because they felt that a mightier than they had so willed it. In a debate during this Conference, I noticed that great stress was laid upon the paramount necessity of the maintenance of this old fire upon the altar of Methodism. Writing outside their pale, and as one unused to their ways, but bound to study them as their position deserves, I say amen to the spirit of that debate. Keep current the "go" with which you started. If ever that "go" were needed, it is needed now. Of essayists we have not a few. Of fancy preaching and collegiate gymnastics we are getting weary. If the mystery of godliness, soaring above the creeds and catechisms, is to remain a power in the world, the world must dash past the domain of reason, and get above on to the uttermost summits of faith. To me that little debate—albeit sketched so imperfectly in the local papers—read as a new commandment to the old Wesley army. Gentlemen of the old guard, revise your drill. In the warfare before you a mightier instrument than Science is needful. Not that we should undervalue her, for the hem of her robe has been touched by the Supreme, but whilst we are formulating, and combining, and rearing Gothic shrines, and getting our uniforms and waistcoatings tolerably square in regard to collars, the tramp of the devil's legions is heard passing by, and there is no Cromwell smiter to charge down thereupon. It was a wise minister who stood up in Oldham-street chapel and bid his colleagues beware. Did he then strive to raise the banner of eccentricity and rant? By no means; rather let there be made a whip of strong cords, and let the ranters be lashed out of the temple—but in exorcising the ranter, do not let us supply his place with the dilletante—a half-made up scholiast, bit of Latin, bit of Hebrew, bit of logic-chopping—a pea sausage with a bit of everything, but not roast beef at all. The Wesleyan Methodist preacher who cried "try back," had got hold of the right thing, and in proportion as our Methodist friends try back—of course with proper allowances—they will perform the paradoxical feat of going ahead. I don't believe in that Fernley lecture at all, and yet it seems unkind to say a word against the liberal intention of a most exemplary man. I would tell Mr. Fernley so right out, as the Yankees say, had I the pleasure of knowing him. I went to hear Mr. Pope deliver that lecture. I could not hear him (physically I mean), but I did not feel that such work was genuine to the craft. It is rather for others than for the followers of John Wesley. Better not try to fit Wesley's system on to a generation of carriage folk and mansions. They must come to it—it never was intended to quadrate itself for them. Therefore, men and brethren, stand fast *super antiqua vias.*

I never was a Methodist, and probably never shall be. But I knew their preachers, and listened to them with pleasure in the happy days lang syne; and I am persuaded with an exceeding persuasion that their ministrations were and shall be blessed. Let them ever remember now, as their fathers remembered before them, that there is a fervour which passeth knowledge; that the glory of this world pales before the pageantry of the unseen and the Eternal; that as the tendency of this age is to fasten our gaze upon the golden results of a toil accounted honourable in proportion to its gains, and pulling at us with a tenfold cord which is not of love, so the men who can lift themselves above these clouds of golden rain, and draw their fellows after them, are the real kings and priests, after all. You see how a sermon by good John Rattenbury will make a stranger lay about him perhaps a little wildly—a stranger not ordinarily given to the melting mood.

THE COCKROACH.

The poor beetle that we tread upon.—SHAKESPERE.

THE cockroach, black-beetle, or twitchclock—*scarabæus sloptomis* of HARPER TWELVETREES—is a lively and ingenuous member of society and the beetle tribe. He is numerous, eccentric, and moist. His footing in society and on glazed earthenware is precarious and uncertain. His bump of inhabitiveness is very large, and if he gets inside a house or a treacle jar he stops there—generally. His character is not perfection; it is marked by flashes of genius and blurred by headlong rashness and crass stupidity, and, in a general way, you never know when you have him. From the appearance of his locomotive apparatus he may be rated at about a quadruped and a half. His legs come off occasionally and leave his equanimity undisturbed. He is scaly in appearance, and scales perpendicular heights with composure, dropping from them with much presence of mind and without damage. He can float like a champagne cork and swim in opposite directions simultaneously. He does not make many knots an hour in consequence, and whenever he takes a bath, which he does on every available opportunity, and in every available fluid, has to wait until somebody lifts him out. He is liable to numerous accidents and a full-bred victim to circumstances; but he is not of a suicidal turn, and anything weaker than aqua-fortis or thinner than Venice turpentine won't drown him much, if he only gets out in the long run. He courts the society of female "domestics," and runs up their petticoats with engaging familiarities. He encounters very little reciprocity, and his friendly advances are met with a scream and concluded with a scrunch. Time—one to five seconds, according to agility. The hand of misfortune and the foot of Sarah Jane fall heavily upon him—particularly the latter. Its extensive superfices reduce the chances of escape to *nil*. Sudden death is his chief disease, and his recklessness makes his life trebly hazardous. A life insurance office would scarcely look at his policy, and would ask as many questions as the Solicitor-General asked the Tichborne claimant. He lives by his wits—nocturnal wits—and, oft in the stilly night, when slumber's chain has bound you, he capers cuts which, if observed, would very much astound you. He goes off like a fog signal. This is a suggestion at the service of any economical railway company who will be at the expense of a little marine glue to stick him fast to the rails. He is a various feeder and bibulous, and his thirst is the thirst of the toper. He is perpetually making a Duke of Clarence of himself, and will do it in dishwater if the malmsey is not handy. But if he is lifted out before he gets completely dissolved, he comes too again, shakes himself together, and sneaks off up the first entry. The Royal Humane Society's directions for recovering the apparently drowned are for him completely a work of supererogation.

The cockroach can perform many feats calculated for the amusement of youth. He can sit up on his hind legs and wash his face with his paws, like the lively kitten—*felis molrowlicus* of Buffoon—and can kick about on the broad of his back like a donkey out on the loose. He climbs precipitous precipices. He can fly, when the flying fit comes over him. His flight is not graceful. It is much too abrupt, and ends mostly in a body's ear or the inside of his coat collar. This is intrusive. His appetite is good; his digestion splendid. From sugar to shoes nothing comes wrong, and he can eat strychnine, hellabore, corrosive sublimate, cookery books, and Tupper's poems—in moderate quantities. Too much of them finishes him off, but this is the result not of deleterious diet but gluttonousness. It is difficult and not of much use trying to get rid of him. If you manage to kill him beyond recovery, his family forgive you like Christians, and stop. A severe flash of lightning might do his business, and 600° Fahrenheit, or thereabouts, disconcerts him amazingly. Being made a fog signal of also impairs his constitution. Not being up to fourteen stone, his end is—squash. Such might be his brief but impressive epitaph. They used to squash him in Shakespere's time. Hence the beautiful passage beginning, "The poor beetle that we tread upon," which shows how the immortal bard recognized

both the inhumanity and the necessity of the operation. The trodden worm turns, but the trodden beetle cannot. He only turns very pale, and his sorrowing relatives and "friends at a distance" "accept the intimation" and tenderly come and eat him—often thus abridging the pangs of dissolution. Probably in his own day he had often assisted at similar touching last attentions. Alas! poor cockroach. Arrogant man might take a lesson even from thee, if he chose, but he does not choose. More might be said on the subject—much more—but probably the above will be found sufficient for a single dose.

[HOLIDAY NOTES.]

ON THE MORECAMBE COAST.

WARTON, BORWICK HALL, AND DEEPDALE.

THE traveller to the English Lakes who has passed by rail along the margin of Morecambe Bay cannot have failed to notice, near the junction at Carnforth, a boulder strewn limestone ridge, rising some five hundred feet or more above the level of the sea. This is Warton Crag, the most advanced outpost of the mountainous region beyond. Upon its lower inland slope is the ancient Lancashire village of Warton, a place little known to tourists save those who take the journey over sands. Here, during two recent days, it was our good fortune to spend a pleasant holiday, the record of which may go to prove what we ourselves have often before experienced, that in unfrequented nooks lying outside the beaten track of sightseers there is often to be found a great deal of quiet and unexpected enjoyment for those who care to look for it.

Warton is a village in which time seems to have wrought few changes. Leland, who wrote about the time of Henry the VIII., says, "Warton is a preti streat for a village," a description which still holds good. It consists of a long broken double line of greyish white houses, built of stone or rough cast, with queer chimneys in their gables, many of them bearing dates in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Three or four inns, more or less antique and respectable, are scattered at intervals along the irregular rising street. Midway in the village and beneath the crag is the old church with its square tower, and opposite to it is the new vicarage, which encloses within its garden the ivied ruins of an older one, supposed to have existed there in the time of Henry VIII. Behind the church and higher up the crag is the Grammar School, founded by Warton, Archbishop of York, in the time of Elizabeth, and where Roger Dodsworth, the antiquary, was educated.

It was late on the wild, cloudy night of a wet day when we alighted from the train at Carnforth, and, passing under the lurid glare of the blast furnaces there located, made our way by a field path to the sleeping village a mile distant, where we found comfortable quarters in a good old farm house on the road to Silverdale. A clean, substantial specimen of domestic English comfort, pleasantly relieved by touches of refinement, is this house in which we rested. It stands back from the road within a raised garden, gay with flower beds, thickly bordered with canterbury bells, and filled with bushes of red and white roses. The stone walls, a yard thick, have deeply-recessed windows, and over the doorway is the date 1686. In the spacious kitchen, beside the wide fireplace, is a rare old press of black oak, highly polished and curiously carved, with the date 1663 upon it. The house, as a whole, may be taken as a type of many such to be met with hereabouts. On the morrow after our arrival we rise to find the weather still stormy, but seawards, behind the west wind, are some promises of better things. After breakfast we turn our steps in the direction of the crag. It presents a series of limestone rocks lying in regular belts, one behind the other, interspersed with loose boulders and carpeted with grass, heather gorse, and the fragrant wild thyme. Numberless modest, star-like flowers peep from the soft turf, and in the crevices of the rocks are tufts of hart's tongue, maiden hair, spleenwort, wall-rue, and many another variety of fern. In the sheltered hollows are copses of nut-bearing hazels, and on the crest is a plantation where the yew, the fir, and the mountain ash strive with the sea winds in their growth. The crag has interesting associations connected with the village. Here was a rock known in former years as the Bride's Chair, whither, on their wedding day, the brides of the village were brought. It was long believed, too, that in some mysterious cave within the hill was a hall in which the fairies dwelt. Upon the summit was a beacon, which, when lit, was responded to by Ingleborough, far away out there in Yorkshire.

Near this highest point we pause to look about us. Below us in front stretches the great expanse of the Lancaster sands. Across this waste of shore lies the perilous way from Lancaster to Ulverston, where many an unthinking traveller has perished among the rapidly advancing waters. Specially dangerous are the channels of two rivers, Kent and Keer, which flow down their sandy reaches to right and left of us. Up these the tidal wave known as the *bore* or *eager* rushes with such rapidity as to have given rise to the local saying, that

Kent and Keer
Have parted many a man and his mere [mare].

With the recollection of the recent French Revolution fresh upon us, the sight of these sands recalls an incident connected with the first one, which is related by De Quincey, concerning Wordsworth. Passing over, one day, the poet heard from a horseman, in reply to his question "Was there any news?"—"Yes, that Robespierre had perished." "Immediately," says De Quincey, "a passion seized him, a transport of almost epileptic fervour prompting him, as he stood alone upon this perilous waste of sands, to shout aloud anthems of thanksgiving for this great vindication of eternal justice." Looking south along the shore line, we can see Hest Bank and Morecambe jutting out into the sea, and beyond, in cloudy outline, the coast about Fleetwood. Bringing the eye inland along the estuary of the Lune, we can also see towered Lancaster and the hills enclosing the valley of the Lune, with the storm clouds driving along it towards Ingleborough and Whernside, whose summits, save at rare intervals, they obscure. Looking north along the coast, we can see over the ridge which hides Silverdale to Arnside Knot and Grange, with its grey houses relieved against a background of trees, and beyond it the Ulverston sands, with Piel, and the smoke of the Barrow furnaces, and Walney Island. Looking still to the north, but inland, we can see the mountains of the Lake Country, spreading out in solemn array far as the eye can reach. It were recompense enough were there nothing but the clouds to look at, with their infinite play of light and shade over this vast area. Variable weather has undoubtedly its compensations and peculiar charms, and one could lie here for hours and watch the mysteries of the clouds with their changeful beauty which no pencil or pen can adequately describe.

Descending from the crag we make our way through the village, now shining in the bright sunlight, and at the farther end of it take a road to the right, our purpose being to see Borwick Hall. This we reach after a walk of a mile or so through pleasant lanes, bordered by green hedgerows and full of wild flowers. Borwick Hall is a fine, old, deserted mansion of the time of Charles II., picturesquely placed on rising ground commanding an extensive view. Passing through the gateway from the road, we place ourselves under the guidance of a female attendant who shows the place. It is a weather-worn, old Elizabethan house, with mullioned windows, surmounted by a square tower, with a ruined terrace running along the front. Over the doorway are carved the arms of Sir Robert Bindloss, the original owner. The entrance hall, a dark, spacious, wainscoted room, contains almost the only furniture left in the place, in the shape of a long oak table, and sundry spears, helmets, and breastplates ranged about the wall, which our guide gravely assures us were last used at the battle of Waterloo. Passing through the deserted chambers, whose floors and ceilings, gone to decay by age, have been recently renewed, we come upon a chapel with the remnants of an old altar. Near to this is a priest's room, in the floor of which was a secret passage, through which the hunted ecclesiastics could find means of escape in times of persecution. In one of the rooms, now used as part of a farm-house in the rear, Charles II. slept before the battle of Worcester. The upper storey contains a prison, a coffin-shaped chamber for the dead, a room said to be haunted by the restless ghost of some mysterious, unfortunate lady, and a wainscoted secret closet, with a mullioned window looking down upon orchard trees, said to have been used as a study by the Earl of Clarendon, minister of Charles II. At the top of the staircase is a flat stone, resting upon pillars, with the inscription, Alexander Brinsmead, 1595, upon it. This is a monument erected by the builder to himself, in commemoration of the completion of the house, which is supposed to have been founded in 1545. Passing through the watch tower, we come out upon the leads, from which we get a fine view of the surrounding country. Descending, we pass out again, and saunter for a short while about the little hamlet of Borwick,

which consists of a few clean, white houses, ranged about an open triangular green space, with a smithy in the centre, picturesquely shaded with tall, dark sycamores.

Returning to Warton we dine, and then, in the quiet, early evening, when the choir muster for practice in the church, we proceed thither for its inspection. The graveyard occupies the grassy slope of a hill, and contains a fine hedgerow of yews. Among the graves is a little slab of slate, which tells us that three bodies, washed up on the neighbouring sands from the wreck of the Ocean Monarch, are here interred. The Ocean Monarch, it will be remembered, was an emigrant ship which was burnt off the coast of Wales in August, 1848.

The church is a spacious building of stone and rough cast, with a sturdy buttressed and embattled tower. It contains a pillared nave, side aisles, and chancel. Of the original building, which was of very ancient date, nothing remains. Wartun was a Saxon manor, and the church is supposed to have been founded by one of the Barons of Kendal. The tower and south aisles probably date as early as 1480. The nave was rebuilt in 1559. A few of the smaller windows exhibit tracery, but the majority are square mullioned ones. At the east end is a fine stained window of recent date, with perpendicular gothic tracery. At the west end is a Saxon font, with an ornamented lining of lead, inscribed "R. B., 1661," the initials being doubtless those of Sir Robert Bindloss, of Borwick. In one of the pews once belonging to the Bindlosses is a fragment of oak, inscribed "J. B., 1571." In the south aisle is also the remains of a piscina. The church was originally roofed with open timber, but it would appear that about five and twenty years ago some heathen thought it would be improved by substituting a flat ceiling, which now covers all the roof save the chancel.

Leaving the church we next proceed towards Deepdale, which lies some three miles along the coast to the north of Warton. Our way is along a road bordered by firs, which takes us through Yealand Conyers, a secluded village in a shady bower of trees, with a Roman Catholic chapel and ivied cottages and houses, faintly seen in the rear of grassy lawns, guarded by tall elms. Near the end of the village, and close by a plain Quaker's meeting-house, we turn to the left, and, skirting the edge of a wood, come upon a scene which almost defies description. We are on the verge of a deep, wide, circular hollow of limestone rocks, filled with trees, over whose dark tops we can see the whole coast-line to Walney Island, with Milnthorpe sands, and all the view on this side which in the morning we got from Warton Crag. Startled by our presence, a solitary heron rises from the depths of the wood below, and slowly wings its heavy flight towards the coast and Arnside Knot. Deep down among the tree boles and through the interlacing branches we can dimly discern a pool, with water lilies lying on their broad leaves. The way down is by a steep limestone rock stair, laced with ground ivy, which winds through thick undergrowth of hazels, whose branches it is necessary to push aside in our descent. Arrived at the bottom we find ourselves on the margin of a stagnant pool, to which there is neither inlet nor outlet, thickly gemmed with open-eyed water lilies. Encircling it is a border of smooth, velvet-like turf, fringed on the water edge by tufts of fern. Round the pool is a ring of giant firs, and behind these the trees rise up on every side, imparting a sense of solitude too deep to be described. It is like "a chamber within a chamber, a chapel within a cathedral, a little private oratory within a chapel." Though, doubtless, the dell must have originally been a wild, self-sown woodland of birch, and ash, and hazel, one cannot help thinking that art must have assisted nature in placing those grand, tall firs as guardian watchers over the pool. After lingering sufficiently long, we climb the rock stair and make our way through the wood to the right, and come out upon Summer House Hill, a flat, grassy space, where is an old stone building of octagonal form, used at some time as an observatory, and entering Leighton Park, with its lawns and glades, and white Gothic hall, we cross it, as we go startling hundreds of rabbits to seek the cover of plantations, and, passing out at the lodge, turn down by the road to Warton, which we reach as the shades of evening deepen into dark, and the furnace fires of Carnforth flash out from the valley below.

WESLEYAN CONFERENCES.—We have more than once stated that the last Conference in Manchester was held in 1849. Several correspondents remind us that a Conference was held here in 1859.

LECTURES TO LADIES.

2.—COSMETICS.

THERE is nothing new under the sun, not even the Bloom of Ninon, Rowland's Kalydor, or Mrs. Allen's Zylobalsamum. Spuma Caustica was the name under which "golden fluid for the hair" was sold in Rome. Rouge, under the name Fucus, was as commonly used as it is now; though the favourite cosmetic, *Asypum*, being prepared from the wool of those parts of the sheep which perspired most, hardly scented the air as do our fragrant modern preparations. Doubtless from all time women have painted their faces, laved their skins in beautifying waters, and plaited their hair, adding, when necessary, borrowed, or rather bought locks; but it was hardly until Grecian and Roman times that cosmetics and all such things were used with the sole object, avowed or unconscious, of remedying human imperfections, Nature herself being the standard.

So important and scientific was the use of cosmetics to the Roman ladies that Ovid wrote a treatise in verse for the use of the fair of his time. Of this poem only a fragment has come down to us, but it is full of good advice and complicated recipes. Ovid bids them "put no trust in herbs nor in mixed potions." "Ye fair, let the care of your manners be your first object. When the disposition attracts, the looks are pleasing. The love of character is lasting. Time will lay waste your beauty, and the features that pleased will be furrowed with wrinkles. Virtue supplies its own resources, and lasts for time prolonged; and it bears its years. On this love with certainty depends." These common-sense remarks are followed by prescriptions for making mixtures. "Whoso shall rub his face with such shall shine more brightly than his mirror," and "dispel freckles from the complexion." The last lines left us are these: "I have seen a fair one pound up poppies steeped in cold water and rub them on her delicate cheeks. How many more toilet secrets we should have learnt, had not the treatise been lost, it is hard to tell, but Ovid's other works are full of allusions to such arts. One elegy which he wrote to his mistress is on the loss of her hair. Blonde hair was then, as now, the rage, and she was not content with the colour of her own hair, which was that glorious "not black, nor yet golden—neither, but a mixture of both—a tint such as the tall cedar has in the moist valleys of craggy Ida, when its bark is stripped off." It was tractable, too. The comb never broke it; the tire-woman always had a whole skin; her mistress never made wounds in her arms with the bodkin. It was so beautiful that the very locks themselves instructed the cruel curling irons. The auricomous fluid killed this hair, and its loss had to be supplied then again, as now, by German girls.

In the Ars Amatoria Ovid goes into most amusing detail as to ladies' get up. They are to clean their teeth; prepared chalk is recommended for those with too red skins, and rouge for the pallid. Little patches on the face were in vogue, and heightened eyebrows. Men are, as a rule, to be kept out of the tiring rooms, especially where the fair one has but little hair; for on one occasion the poet paid a visit to a lady, who, in her confusion, put on her locks the wrong side before. But Ovid does not forbid "you to allow your hair to be combed in their (men's) presence, so that it may lie flowing along your back," only he bids them on such occasions not to be cross, and—a curious example of women's petulance—adds, "I detest her who tears the face of her maid with her nails, and who seizes a hair-pin and pierces her arms. As she touches the head of her mistress she curses it, and at the same time, streaming with blood, she is crying over the odious locks."

Leaving Roman times and coming to our own, we would deprecate the use of all cosmetics, save those of the simplest kind. In good health a lady's skin should need no lotions, and unweighted of pads and untortured with knottings and twistings, many a scanty head of hair would thrive luxuriantly. Freckles are rather adornments than otherwise, and denote a fair skin. Pimples cannot be with safety removed by washes, and unless the whole body is washed as frequently as the face, its pores, having double and treble duty to perform, must enlarge. Soap is inimical to beauty, and should very sparingly be used. If only common sense would once assert her sway over the female mind, our women would increase in wisdom, in stature, and in beauty, and the poisoners who so largely advertise their hurtful wares would find their calling and occupation gone.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.—CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO SCARBOROUGH, WHITBY, FILEY, BRIDLINGTON, and HARROGATE, by the new and direct route, via Barnsley, EVERY SATURDAY (commencing 22nd July) until Saturday, 23rd September inclusive, will run as under:—

STATIONS.	Time of Starting.	Fares to Scarboro' Whitby, Filey, and Bridlington and Back.	Fares to Harrogte and back
	a.m.	Cov. Car.	Cov. Car.
Upper (Brunswick St.) dep.	10 15	11s.	8s. 6d.
Warrington ..... ,,	10 56		
Manchester M. S. & L.) ,,	12 0		
Stalybridge ..... ,,	11 55		
Ashton (Park Parade) ,,	11 59		
Oldham (Clegg Street) ,,	11 30		
Guide Bridge ..... ,,	12 10		
Stockport (Tiviot Dale) ,,	11 35	8s.	6s.
Woodley ..... ,,	11 42		
New Mills ..... ,,	11 44		
Marple ..... ,,	11 27		
Newton ..... ,,	11 49		
Godley ..... ,,	11 54		
Hotram ..... ,,	11 59		
Dinting ..... ,,	12 4		

Returning on the 1st or 2nd Monday, from the date of ticket, by trains leaving BRIDLINGTON at 1-0 p.m., FILEY at 1 30 p.m., WHITBY at 1 0 p.m., SCARBOROUGH at 2 50 p.m., and HARROGATE, *via* Church Fenton, at 4 20 p.m.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.

London Road Station, Manchester, July, 1871.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

CHEAP WEEKLY EXCURSIONS TO BUXTON, MATLOCK, AND MALVERN.

Every Friday and Saturday, until Saturday, October 28th, 1871, RETURN TICKETS, at the following low fares, will be issued from the undermentioned Stations to BUXTON, MATLOCK, AND MALVERN, by any of the Ordinary Trains, available for returning by any Train up to the following Monday evening.

Stations.	FARES. To Buxton.		To Matlock.		To Malvern.	
	1st Cls.	2nd Cls.	1st Cls.	2nd Cls.	1st Cls.	2nd Cls
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Manchester	6 0	4 6	9 6	7 0	24 0	18 3
Stockport (Tov. Dale)	5 0	3 6	8 6	6 0	22 0	16 0
Stalybridge } Guide Bridge }	5 0	3 6	9 0	6 6	23 6	17 6

In Manchester Tickets can be obtained at Cook's Excursion and Tourist Office, 43, Piccadilly; and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

JAMES ALPORT, General Manager.

Derby, June, 1871.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.

NOTICE.

The Public is respectfully informed that COPIES of this Company's TOURIST PROGRAMME, replete with information as to routes, fares, facilities, and conditions, for all parts of England Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, are now to be obtained at all the Booking Offices on the line—by order.

Office of the Superintendent of the Line, Victoria Station, Manchester, June, 1871.

RUPTURES.—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY,

Inventor and Sole Maker of the

IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS,

Deformity Instruments, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid Appliances

26, OLD MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

Now ready, Price Sixpence. Sewed.

LECTURE ON THE BIBLE, delivered at the Memorial Hall, Manchester, June 13th, by the Rev CHARLES VOYSEY, B.A., late Vicar of Bedlington.

TRÜBNER & Co., Paternoster Row, London.
Manchester: JOHN HEYWOOD, 141 & 143, Deansgate.

PRINCE'S THEATRE,

MANCHESTER.
THE PALACE OF TRUTH.
EVERY EVENING at half-past seven,
W. S. Gilbert's Fairy Romance,
THE PALACE OF TRUTH.

THE ARGUMENT.—A king, his queen, their daughter, and a young prince, to whom the daughter is betrothed, together with a group of courtiers of various characteristics, are assembled at the king's country house. The king, having some reason to believe that his daughter is not as sincerely attached to the prince as she should be, takes his family and his court to a certain palace, which possesses the remarkable property of compelling all persons who enter it to speak the exact truth on every subject that may arise; and this they do, without being aware of the extraordinary influence to which they are subjected. The manner in which the palace operates on the different personages in the comedy forms the subject of the second and third acts.

Produced under the Personal Superintendence of the Author, and Represented by the Company of the

ROYAL COURT THEATRE,
Under the Management of
MISS MARIE LITTON.

The Company includes the following eminent artistes:

Mr. John Clayton	Miss Maggie Brennan
Mr. Edward Righton	Miss Kate Bishop
Mr. W. Belford	Miss Dalton
Mr. Charles Steyne	Miss Foley
Mr. T. W. Edmonds	Mrs. Stephens
Mr. H. Leigh	and
Mr. C. Parry	Miss Marie Litton.

Concluding with Poole's Celebrated Farce,
DEAF AS A POST.

Box Office open from eleven to two. Prices as usual

THE PEOPLE'S CONCERT HALL,

LOWER MOSLEY STREET, MANCHESTER.

A COMPLETE CHANGE OF TALENT!

On Monday, AUGUST 7th, and during the week. Starring Engagement, for a limited period, of these Celebrated Artistes, MADAME FRANTZ, the Astounding Gymnast! who will appear in conjunction with the BROTHERS FRANTZ! pronounced by the Press and the Public of both hemispheres to be the most Classical, Graceful, and Sensational Gymnasts of the present age. Another very important Engagement, at a great expense, of the Rage of London, MISS FLORENCE WREGHITT, the Wonderful Lady Tenor. The Press and the Public pronounce her Incomparable. "Miss Florence Wreghitt, the Lady Tenor, is decidedly a great hit, her imitation of some of the most celebrated Tenor Vocalists of the day being something wonderful. She is possessed of a marvellously-excellent tenor voice and has vocal talents as clever as they are unique."—Vide *London Times*, 7th February, 1871. First Appearance of MISS RITELLE and MISS WARNE, Sensational Comic Duettists and Dancers. Important Engagement of POLLY WEBB and EMMA WILSON, the Justly celebrated Burlesque Artistes and Dancers from the Alhambra Palace. Great Success of Messrs. MOORE, LECLERQ, and MOORE, in their Celebrated Negro Entertainments. Engagement of Mr. J. G. LAWRENCE, Comic Vocalist.

Director of the Entertainment..MR. THOMAS ACTON.

NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,

BELLE VUE.
Entirely New Picture of the
CITY OF STRASBOURG,
With its Cathedral, Forts, &c.
Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday will be represented the Siege, Defence, and
FALL OF STRASBOURG,
Amidst BRILLIANT FIREWORKS.
Concluding with a Grand Allegorical Transparency, representing
PEACE WELCOMED BY EUROPE,
Arranged and Painted by Messrs. Danson & Sons, London.
Zoological Collection, Pleasure Boats and Steamers, New Maze, Museum, &c. BAND daily from Three p.m.
Admission 6d.; after Four on Gala Days, 1s.; Saturdays, 1s. after Five

ROYAL POMONA PALACE

AND GARDENS,
Sole Proprietor, JAMES REILLY.
The above popular and splendidly-appointed
PALACE,
covering 1½ acre,
with the elegant Refreshment-room, IS NOW OPEN for the Season. The recent elaborate
DECORATIONS
have rendered it the Most Fashionable and Agreeable Place of Amusement in the City. The Celebrated
PALACE BAND
under the able direction of Mr. O. Gaggs,
EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, At Three o'clock
Admission, 6d. each. No extra charge.
Sundays, for promenade, 3d. each.

FINE FLAVOURED STRONG BEEF TEA at about 2½d a pint. ASK FOR

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness.

Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c.

HEALTH! DELICACY!! ECONOMY!!!

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.

NOTICE.

[*Read this with care and attention.*]

THE MANUFACTORY of MAYAR'S SEMOLINA was established in 1815. It is the oldest and the largest in the world, Twenty-five million pounds being yearly produced. (25,000,000.)

Our SEMOLINA is the staple food in France, Russia, Spain, Italy, &c., and will soon be that of England. It has obtained

24 PRIZE MEDALS

in the Grand Exhibitions for its superiority over all others; and is pronounced by the most eminent members of the Medical Profession, both in London and in Paris, to be far more nutritious than Tapioca, Arrowroot, Corn Flour (which are only Starch), or any farinaceous food already introduced into this country. See Dr Hassall's Analytical Report.

N.B.—Being determined to maintain its reputation, we again CAUTION the public that an imitation, to which a false and ridiculous name has been given, is introduced by a well-known firm, taking advantage of its name and publicity to sell a similar article of very inferior quality, to realise extra profits, and who advertise in favour of that article the qualities possessed by our Semolina

As a proof of our assertion, we challenge a comparison by analysis between our SEMOLINA and the so-called *Pearlina*.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
After is solely the heart of the very best Wheat.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
a trial is richer than any other farinaceous food, in nitrogenous matter and gluten. Indispensable in the bone and muscular formation.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.
has Highly recommended by the Faculty for Children and Invalids.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
daily Is extremely nourishing and easily digested.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
will be makes delicious Puddings, Blancmange, Custards, and Pastry.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.
with Unequalled for thickening Soups and Beef Tea.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
sent is the greatest delicacy, prepared as gruel, for Breakfast and Supper.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
CHINA is very economical.
May be used with or without Milk.
Recipes on each Package.
6d lb. in Packet, 8d. in Canister.

Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, &c.

HOMINY.

MAYAR'S HOMINY, produced from the best Indian Maize, without any adulteration obtained by grinding, is far superior to the Maize Corn Flour already introduced in this country, which is only Starch obtained by a process of washing, which deteriorates entirely the quality, and is sold at a very high price.

Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, and Corn Dealers.
Wholesale at MAYAR'S, 36, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.

Wholesale Agents Wanted in every town.

BLUE BOAR HOTEL, MARKET PLACE, MANCHESTER.—Restaurant daily from 12 to 3; DINNERS provided on the shortest notice; WINES, SPIRITS, CIGARS, &c., of the best quality.
F. BIDDOLPH, Proprietress.

TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use the Colloid referred to in the following paragraph. It is also invaluable for Washing Print Dresses and Coloured Frocks for spring wear, while preserving their colours!—

SAPOLOID.—This is a Scented Vegetable Washing Powder. It appears likely to supersede the Washing Compounds in ordinary use, which so frequently rot the clothes, and cause the buttons to come off. The Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of it, and of ARCHER'S IMPROVED COLLOID, are Messrs. ALFRED WARD & Co, Withy Grove, Manchester.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND GROCERS

STALEY'S AROMATIC MIXTURE, for Cholera, Diarhœa, Bowel Complaint, Cramp in the Stomach, &c. Prepared from the celebrated Recipe of Dr. Trench.—Bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. Woolley, Market Street; or the Proprietor, JOHN STALEY, Operative Chemist, 311, Chester Road, Hulme.
"We find the best Dog Soap to be that made by JOHN STALEY, Operative Chemist, Chester Road, Manchester, called 'Lord Lurgan's Master McGrath Dog Soap.' It destroys all Insects, cures the Mange, &c." In Tablets 4d. each, from all Chemists.

Now Ready,
JOHN HEYWOOD'S
PENNY POCKET GUIDES
TO

Llandudno	Scarborough.
Isle of Man.	Southport and Lytham.
Matlock.	Blackpool and Fleetwood.
Giant's Causeway.	Buxton.
Rhyl.	Liverpool.
Windermere.	Manchester.

Sold by all Booksellers and at all Railway Bookstalls

MANCHESTER SWIMMING SCHOOL, TATTON STREET, HULME.
Sole Proprietor, JAMES REILLY.
OPEN DAILY, from Six a.m. till dusk.
Admission, 6d. each.

VICTORIA WINE COMPANY, LONDON.
BRANCH, 19, BLACKFRIARS STREET, MANCHESTER.
Port and Sherry, 6s. 6d. per gallon, or 13s. per dozen; Hock, 16s.; Claret, 11s.; Champagne, 25s. per dozen.
A. LEAK, Manager.

NOBLETT & CO. beg to call attention to their PERFECT FITTING BOOTS.—Every description for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children.
56 and 58, RUSHOLME ROAD.

THE QUEEN'S BUILDING AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY.
Head Offices, 95, Bridge Street, Manchester.
Annual Income, nearly £400,000. Amounts received at five per cent interest.
Amounts not exceeding £50 repaid upon demand.
Advances promptly made upon Freehold and Leasehold securities.
Reports, Prospectuses, &c., upon application at th Offices.

CHEMISTRY.
PRACTICAL EVENING INSTRUCTION
EVERY
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND FRIDAY,
From 7 till 9 o'clock.
TWELVE LESSONS, £2.
LABORATORY, 68, CORPORATION STREET.

PRESENTS FOR OWEN'S ALL OCCASIONS
Workboxes, Desks, Blotters, Albums, Purses, Satchels, Inkstands, Dressing Cases, and every variety of Fancy Articles, from 1s. to £20

PRIZE MEDAL CROQUET,
Jaques's celebrated make, in box complete, with laws of game, 15s., 18s., 21s., 25s., to £5. Archery, Cricket, Footballs, and all out-door games.

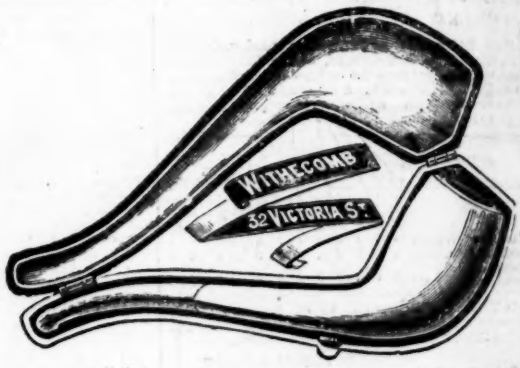
OWEN'S, 1, OLDHAM STREET,
and at 80, DEANSGATE,
Illustrated Book of Prices Free.

PERAMBULATORS, 15s. 6d. to 12 6s.

INVALID CARRIAGES, Sale or Hire.

BEFORE purchasing a Perambulator, inspect the NEW PATENT Single or Double one, the MOST USEFUL INVENTION of its class ever introduced. See opinions of the PRESS.

OWEN'S
New and Extensive SHOWROOMS, 15, PICCADILLY, Opposite Mosley-street.
Illustrated Book of Prices Free.



MEERSCHAUMS! MEERSCHAUMS!! MEERSCHAUMS!!!
IN EVERY SHAPE AND QUALITY.
WIDE BORE (New Pipe), Smokes Sweetly and never gets foul and stopped up.
CIGARS, SAMPLE BOXES AT WHOLESALE PRICES.
WILLIS'S BRISTOL MIXTURE IN ¼lb. CANISTERS, 1s. 8d.;
ARCHER'S GOLDEN BIRDSEYE, 2oz. PACKET, 9D.
T. R. WITHECOMB,
32, VICTORIA STREET, MANCHESTER.

Printed by JOHN HEYWOOD, of the Grange, Derbyshire Lane, Stretford, at the Excelsior Printing Works, Hulme Hall oad, and Published by him at 141 and 143, Deansgate, Manchester — Saturday, August 5th, 1871.

CLARKE'S ORIENTAL INSECT POWDER.—Fleas, Bugs, Moths, Cockroaches and all other insects destroyed by this powder. Sold by most chemists in 1d., 3d., 6d., and 1s. packets.—Manufactured by JOHN T. CLARKE, BLOSSOM STREET, MANCHESTER.

CORNELIUS SHEERS, 84, SHUDEHILL.
The Best and Cheapest Paper Hangings in Manchester. Paper Hangings and Decorations at Wholesale Prices.